



T H E

Coffee-House D I A L O G U E

Examined and Refuted:

By some Neighbours in the Country,
Well-wishers to the Kingdoms Interest.

Coffee-man. **Y** Our Servant Good Mr. B. 'tis News to see you here.

Mr. B. Say you so Sir? Truly I had not come now, were it not to peruse a Paper I have heard much Condemn'd, being Intituled *A Coffee House Dialogue*, &c, pray have it you?

Coff. Yes Sir, Yonder Gentlemen are Reading it, if you please to step thither, you may see it, they are Neighbours.

B. Good Morrow, Neighbours, If you please, I will make bold with that Paper when you have read it.

Neighbours. And welcome Neighbour B. or, if you please I will begin it, and Read it to you.

B. With all my Heart if you please. *He reads it, and having done asks his Opinion, Neighbours.* Well Sir, what think ye of it?

B. Troth, I as much Condemn it as the rest, I conceive it only a Trick to get money, though they abuse the Kingdom by so doing, for which I will give you my Reasons, which are these (the pretended Lawyer alledges) several things mentioned by Mr. T. which are palpable absurdities, of his own Invention; which are these, to pay Debts without Mony, make London Streets Navigable Rivers, to Harbour the Kings Ships on the top of a Hill, under a pretence to secure them from Wind and Weather, are all the mere Capritious Humors of his own Wind-Mill pate: as for the Register by him mentioned, none but a Dough-baked Lawyer would deny the Advantages thereby accruing: But to tell you the Truth, our Lawyer deserves what I could wish him, which is, an Hours Discourse with the person who by him is (*incognito*) thus abused, and you would soon find who were the most reasonable man.

Neighbours. I but Neighbour, you see the Person whose part you take, uses a great many Tricks to makes Words pass for Oracles, by saying d'ye understand me; P'rhau, telling him he was a Chair-man and the like.

B. By your leave Neighbours, let me tell ye 'tis an easy thing for a Painter to disguise a man with the shape of a Munkie, as they have done him by alledging things, I am sure he would blush to own, and laugh to think; he which makes him speak all that Balderdash, he never thought could speak no better sense himself, as whoever Reads may blush to see so weak, nonsensical Arguments urged by a Barrister which may be confuted by a Pedler.

First, Is it probable a person of his Judgment should ever brag he was a Chair-man, as our *Nicholas Nemo* alledges.

Secondly, That he should pretend to understand there was a Plot before all the World else.

Thirdly, To pretend a knowledge of a Man he never see before, and to Condemn the Clergy in General, a sad parcel of Compacted lyes, so ridiculous as would make him seem as much a Sot as our Half Witted Author, did not the World know him much better than they are ever like to know the other.

Neighbours. But Neighbour B. we do believe all you have said, and say moreover, we believe the Author lies in taxing him with the Root of the Follies therein mentioned, which are not worth rehearsal, being so grandly idle as in particular to tax him with showing the Word without Doors, a thing which we are Confident he scorns to foul his Fingers withall.

B. Gramercy Neighbours, now you come to the Touch, my Friend being intermeddled withal, who meddles with no body being now acquitted, give me leave to shew you the Antick Author in his several Monkly Posture, and I have done.

And First our Young Barrister, or rather Sucking Barrister, if he must be a Barrister, Pleads thus, the Question between us, is not what hath and may be done, but what hath and may be justly done: Quoth he, thus he must argue every thing that hath been done, hath been justly done, which, is like his Logic, quoth our *Ignoramus* he can say nothing to the purpose, When he can prove *William* and *Henry* justly excluded *Robert*, the Reason alledged, because *William* was not an honest man, not because *Robert* was dishonest, and then Winds it up with a What think ye, was not this a brave Fellow to be in Print (thus far *Don Quixott*, who will needs Fight with the Wind-mill of his own Brain, for want of better employment: and alledge one mans Writings to cut another mans Throat, making a man Right or Wrong, Vindicate what he Detests and Abhors, he would be loth to do the like by anothers Bastard, now if our Young Barrow Hog, Barrister I mean, can prove Mr. Y. ever vindicated this Libell, our Dispute is ended: if he dare not affirm it, let him go like a Noddy, as he is, But by the way, the Question is, first, Whether *Robert* were excluded? if he were, by whom? if it be answered as it needs must, by a Parliament, Pray who shall we Credit, our Lawyer or the Parliament whether the Thing were Just or Unjust, if he be a man of such Parts as to inform the Pillar of the Kingdom in Matter of Justice, certainly such a man deserves to be Comptroller General of all Publick Proceedings, rather than a Chair-man, as without sense he (not for want of Folly, calls Mr. Y.

Neighbours. Troth Neighbour B. your Arguments are undeniable Truths, Pray lett's have some more of them; for certainly, none who is a Well-wisher to the Welfare of the Kingdom, but would gladly hear them with delight.

B. Neighbours, I was never cut out to meddle with States affairs, I had rather Mind my Plough at home: But this I say, since, as he affirms it for a Truth the D. is a Papist, certainly Queen *Mary's* days are not forgot yet, and God forbid they should be ever renewed: He pretends it a hard Case the D. should be denied the Liberty of every ordinary Subject, in Case of Conformity: But in plain Terms, who can trust to any thing in that Case, so long as the Norable old Shaver at *Rome*, can Absolve who he will, for what Crymes he pleases. I will assure you this, let our Young Prate-a-pace say what he will, for my own part, I will neither meddle nor make. But let the Superiour Power freely Act in their own Sphere, and what they do I will never dispute, whether it be Lawful or Unlawful, since it is my Duty to Obey, not to Rule. I will accordingly take their Words for Law, notwithstanding our Young Braggadocio pretends to know more Law then they. If they should thinck fit either Enact Laws for, or against the Ds. Person or Estate, I should as certainly Beleive what they Acted, was done as much according to Law, as if our Young Lawyer had been their Oracle, which God forbid: This, Gentlemen and Neighbours, is the real Sentiment of what I not only think, but Resolve to stand by in Spight of our Young Novicely Lawyer.

Neighbours. Well spoke neighbour B. we are all of the same Mind, and until our Lawyer can find better Reasons, we shall be hardly induced to alter our settled Opinion: so Honest Neighbour we bid you good buy.

B. Farwell, Neighbours, Hartily.